SOCIAL SCIENCES

NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 25, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

DETROIT

From the Democratic Convention

L. BRENT BOZELL
WILLMOORE KENDALL

Keynote?

AN EDITORIAL

The New Nationalism

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Articles and Reviews by ····· C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS
THOMAS MOLNAR · JAMES BURNHAM · RUSSELL KIRK

For the Record

NATIONAL REVIEW has learned from an authoritative source that the money with which Stassen's campaign to unhorse Nixon was launched came through Paul G. Hoffman.

The Republican platform committee, which started its deliberations last week-end, is expected to soft-pedal the civil rights issue, come out strong for the "partnership" principle in the development of natural resources, place a balanced budget ahead of any important tax cuts, and stand by the principle of flexible price supports. The tone will be set by the GOP slogan of "Peace, Progress and Prosperity." . . . Senator Barry Goldwater, alarmed by Labor Secretary Mitchell's open espousal of the union shop, is fighting for the insertion of a "right to work" plank. . . . Senator Knowland wasted no time in pointing out that Democratic Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn's charge that the Eisenhower program in Congress got a bigger assist from Democratic than from Republican legislators just wasn't so. Knowland says the Republicans outscored the Democrats 9 to 5. . . . An insurance broker who describes himself as "a staunch independent who voted for Gen. Eisenhower in 1952" is ready to insure the President's life for $1,000,000. The premium, according to the actuaries, would run between $175,000 and $200,000 a year.

Mail reaching the Republican National Committee since the Stassen-Herter offensive is running 80 to 85 per cent in favor of Nixon. . . . Latest entries in the Vice-Presidential derby are Nixon's home state antagonist, Gov. Goodwin Knight of California, who makes no bones about his desire to be President Eisenhower's 1956 running-mate, and the coyer ("I will run if Mr. Eisenhower asks me to") Gov. Theodore McKeldin of Maryland. . . . The pros feel that Nixon's chances of landing the Vice-Presidential nomination—always good—have been enhanced by Governor Clement's "vice-hatchet-man" crack. . . . Republican National Chairman Hall and other GOP politicos feel that if the Democrats are preparing a rough and tough campaign with no holds barred, Richard Nixon is the man to take them on.

Harry Truman told a prominent Democrat last week that the United States had had three "do-nothing" Presidents—Buchanan, Harrison and Coolidge. "If we nominate and elect Stevenson," said Truman, "we'll have a fourth." . . . Senator Herbert Lehman and Mayor Robert Wagner of New York, staunch Stevensonites in a sea of Harriman delegates, were punished by Carmine De Sapio. De Sapio assigned them seats in the last row of the large New York delegation, until they raised such a ruckus that the seating arrangements were changed. . . . Influential AFL leaders, including McDonald of the Steelworkers, increased their behind-the-scenes activity in support of Harriman when Walter Reuther announced his support of Adlai Stevenson. The AFL is alarmed that the well-organized CIO political action group will take over—and dictate—union politics in the future. AFL-CIO President George Meany maintained a hands-off role.

The Suez crisis: What Col. Nasser forgot to say when he seized the Suez Canal was that Egypt originally owned (was given) 45 per cent of the shares of the Suez Canal Company plus a 15 per cent overriding share of the Company's profits. It was an earlier Egyptian government which chose to sell Egypt's stock and its right to the 15 per cent slice in the profits and which thereby dealt Egypt out of the Suez Canal Company. . . . Truman reveals that he was eleven years ahead of Nasser in asking for a change in the Suez Canal status. At Potsdam, says Truman, he proposed that the Suez Canal "and all other canals and straits" (he mentioned Panama by name) be internationalized. Byrnes flatly denied the proposal was made. No known documents verify Truman's statement. . . . British navy divers in Malta worked overtime last week to fix the propeller of the Egyptian destroyer Ibriham. The Ibriham had been ordered home by Cairo for emergency patrol duty outside the canal.

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The WEEK

● The very last word in tastelessness was reached in Chicago when Governor Frank Clement brought to the stage two personable children who had won, respectively, sixty-four thousand and one hundred thousand dollars by answering esoteric questions on national quiz shows. It was all carefully set up, of course, with the precocious young things carefully regurgitating carefully rehearsed answers, all designed to establish that Enlightened Youth is Democratic. Governor Clement is better off dealing with captive adolescents than with adults; though it is sad to see anyone traducing children.

● The Democrats have prepared a second line of argumentative defense for those too finicky to be swept into the Democratic camp by Gov. Clement's alliterative asininities. It is a campaign primer entitled, *How to Argue With a Republican* (Thirty-two quick answers to GOP claims). Among the recommended ripostes: "A Democratic Congress failed to pass the school bill because 119 Republicans voted against it"; "all Republican cuts in government spending came out of the defense budget"; and FDR might have been a sick man when renominated in 1944 "but he never spent a single day in the hospital." Who *says* the Democrats don't preside over the Party of Jefferson?

● Listening to Senator Wayne Morse last week, it was for the first time really believable to us that he once spoke, in the Senate, for twenty-two hours without stopping. It also becomes believable that, during those twenty-two hours, he said nothing whatever that could not have been better said in as many minutes. How sad that a man whose training and instincts entitle us to expect of him a respect for intelligence and logic should end up a banal and utterly undisciplined scold, with nothing to say that would not have sounded stale to a Fabian twenty years ago. (A fitting requiem in the centenary of George Bernard Shaw's birth!) And on top of it all, he is an egotist. Who but an egotist, unconscious of his limitations, would speak for so long or would presume to believe that, at his hands, the tedious and repetitious become exciting and fresh?

● For a century and a half, as every schoolboy knows, the Democrats have been the low-tariff party, and have denounced Federalists, Whigs and Republicans for strangling trade, at the behest of "the interests,"

by the chains of a "high, protective tariff." That epoch ended on August 16, 1956, when a Democratic Convention found that a Republican Administration was allowing the country to be swamped by "substandard imports." This the Democratic platform promises to "reverse and remedy," and the only remedy suggested is to slap prohibitive duties on the offending categories.

● "Harry Truman," announced *Time's* cover story of August 13, "would like to see Harriman nominated. But . . . Truman is too old a pro to get out on that shaky limb." One would have thought that *Time* was too old a pro to get out on *that* shaky limb; but it did. By August 13, when *Time* was irrevocably on the newsstands as well as on record, Truman had proposed Harriman's nomination. To fall flat on its superior face is a newsmagazine's occupational hazard—particularly if it is, by contract and disposition, an omniscient newsmagazine. In dispatching to *Time* our sincere sympathies, we confess to an ulterior hope: may the opposition have mercy on us, too, when, as it must to all magazines, embarrassment comes to a foolishly predicting NATIONAL REVIEW.

● Frédéric Joliot-Curie is admittedly a leading nuclear physicist, in the tradition of his wife, Irène, who died in March, and his mother-in-law, Marie Curie, who discovered radium. He is also, and again admittedly, a leading French and international Communist, head of the huge Communist front called "Partisans of Peace," active and continuous defender of Communist and Soviet interests. The University of Paris, in an exquisite application of academic freedom as that doctrine is understood by Mr. Commager, Mr. Chafee, Mr. Meiklejohn, *et al.*, has just appointed M. Joliot-Curie to its Chair of Nuclear Physics.

● The "Iliac Suite" had its world premiere last week at a University of Illinois Chamber Music concert. It was a landmark in the history of music, if not a musical landmark, because composer Iliac is the University of Illinois' digital computer. Iliac was first fed the basic rules of music (transposed into mathematical symbols), taught to produce random musical notes and reject those that did not fill the rules of composition and then given its electronic head. Result: the "Iliac Suite." Next they'll be giving IBM machines courses in music appreciation (and Mr. Schlamm will be in the market for a new spleen).

Democratic Platform: Short Version

1. Dwight Eisenhower is sick.
2. Richard Nixon is dangerous.
3. You name it, we promise it.

Keynote?

One wonders if there is really any need to go further than Chicago last week for proof that the leaders of the Democratic Party despise the common man. It was the elite of the Democratic Party—the Party of the People, as its bards persist in calling it—that offered up, as first spokesman for its position, Frank G. Clement; and listening to Governor Clement was an experience as debasing as any a decadent society has thought up to torment those whose fate it is to witness the gradual contemporary surrender to mobocratic rottenness.

The most irrelevant thing about Governor Clement's speech was the character of his indictment of the Republican Party. For after listening to him for a very few moments, it became clear that Governor Clement is incapable of formulating a coherent indictment of anything; and clear, also, that no serious person could possibly care *what* Governor Clement thinks about the Republican Party, or anything else.

What mattered was the rhetoric, the constructions, the imagery. It was not an alternative to Republican rule that was left, when he finished talking, for the public to consider. It was the whole performance, and the challenge it poses to a culture common to Republicans and Democrats. The speech was such an affront to the sensibilities as to pose the question, *Does there exist a point at which irreducible commitments to taste and morality prompt a revolt against the excesses of demagoguery—even* demagoguery aimed at achieving congenial political objectives? The answer, given the reception to Clement, is seriously in doubt.

Here are extracts from Clement's speech:

". . . if you . . . want to talk about somebody's health tonight, if you want to talk about somebody in this country who's good and sick—down on his bed—frail and forlorn—forsaken by the political doctors he trusted three-and-a-half years ago as friends—but realizing now that he has been devitaminized by the G.O.P. and Bensonized by Ezra B.—then I refer you to the American farmer . . .

"[The farmers] are deeper in debt, of course, under a party that substituted for the Democratic triple A . . . the Republican triple B—Benson, Below Parity, and Bankruptcy . . .

"We have permitted the Soviet Union to foist itself on the Asiatic peoples . . . while Foster fiddles, frets, fritters and flits . . .

". . . the defendant [the Republican Party] is guilty of aggravated assault and battery upon the political bodies of the unforgotten [*sic*] farm folk of America . . . We call upon the people of America for their own good, for your good, for our good, wedded as you are to the cause of social progress—dedicated to the cause of democracy—consecrated to the cause of

honesty, decency and morality in government—to rise up as one and smite down these money-changers who have invaded and violated the people's temple of justice on Capitol Hill . . .

"Young and old of America—laboring men and women, business men both big and small, farmers of America—come on home before it's too late. Your lands are studded with the white skulls and crossbones of broken Republican promises. How long, O America, shall these things endure—how long, people of America, will you permit . . . How long, O America, will you permit . . . How long, O America, will you place trust . . . How long, oh how long, America, shall we continue to condone . . . How long, oh how long will the parents of America continue in power a group who . . . How long, America; oh how long!"

Kreuttner

"We can give away better, socialize better, internationalize better and confuse Communism with Civil Liberties better. After all, we were the Daddies of all this!"

Interlarded throughout his address were abundant intimations of the identity of Governor Clement's, and God's, designs. He spoke of "setting forth the issues and making certain nominations not confined merely to the interest and welfare of the Democratic Party, but dedicated to the greater glory of God, the welfare of all our citizens." He referred—again and again—to his fellow "God-fearing Democrats." He besought us all to do our "duty under God"; imploring us to "pray to the one God for guidance," asking that we "raise"—along with Cordell Hull, that "great Democrat"—"our hands toward heaven." "'Precious Lord,'" he concluded, "'take our hand, lead us on.'"

For our part, we pray that the Lord will be merciful to those who violate the First Commandment.

That performance, at this writing, has not been seriously analyzed by a major critic. The following is a typical reaction to the Governor's performance. It is written by the television critic of one of the most important chains of Republican newspapers:

> The Democrats last evening unleashed a real showman in their keynoter, Tennessee Gov. Frank G. Clement. He probably would do well in any political age, for he has the classical political prerequisites of fire and smoke, the give-'em-hell attributes of the true spellbinder . . . He was an immensely effective cross between the ancient spellbinders and the demands of modern electronic expression. As a carefully created exponent of modern showmanship, he quickly proved it by integrating his emotional speechifying into the more intimate techniques of TV . . . It was bright, smart and came off slickly and successfuly. As a TV performer, Gov. Clement had amazing poise, punch and fervor for a young gent of 36 . . . He was perfect for his role almost to the point of fabrication. He could almost have been ordered to a convention ideal through Central Casting and could not have turned out better."

The only agonized dissent we have seen came from the Left. All honor to the author of the following:

> During one particularly contrived fit of frenzy [Governor Clement] turned and the mounting bulge of fat tissue in the neck was inescapable to the eye and he clenched his fist and an observer more experienced in these calculated criminal assaults on reason than I said from the rear: "See those arms? It's a carbon copy of Huey Long."
>
> But Huey Long and William Jennings Bryan did not wear blue serge suits and monogrammed shirts. Presumably, when they finished their chores, you could find people who were moved to the depth of their souls—however ridiculous the reason: last night you could only find people who thought other people had been moved. Last night, the Democratic Party yielded up its soul to the hucksters: It gave the boobs stuff which would disgust any civilized man . . .
>
> And it wasn't even any good. It was a wild, transparently insincere farrago of lies, smears, and citations of God as a deserving Democrat . . . I think Gerald L. K. Smith even now, gone in the larynx though he is, could whip Frank Clement in a baying contest any day in the week. . .
>
> I can only give the full spirit of it by saying that, at one moment when he was talking about starving farmers, Frank Clement slapped his own stomach for emphasis. Even from where I was sitting, it sounded like a man testing a watermelon. . .
>
> I am for Adlai Stevenson because he must have within himself the good sense to hate himself this morning.

We prefer to think so too. But if he has that good sense, he concealed it. Adlai Stevenson, the proud defender of excellence and high purpose in American politics, was not up to the challenge. In his key-

note address, Mr. Stevenson said the next morning, Governor Clement "enunciated our views and our principles in a splendid speech." He was, Mr. Stevenson said—explicitly participating in his Party's degradation—"inspiring."

Twilight of the Intellectuals

For twenty-five years the Democratic Party has been the chosen instrument of the intellectuals. At Franklin Roosevelt's siren pipe, they swarmed over the lush New Deal meadows. Through the war years they romped in the bowers of the OSS, the OWI, and the other permutations of the alphabet. Even Harry Truman could not discourage them.

Paradoxically, the intellectuals reached what may well have been the climax of their liaison with the Democratic Party in the defeat of 1952. They had never been altogether at inner ease with power. Adlai Stevenson, as they saw him, was one of theirs. To go down to defeat with Stevenson was an experience more purifying, more ennobling by its very lack of material success, than to continue lapping the fleshpots of a New Deal grown paunched and cynical.

At the 1952 Democratic Convention, intellectuals were at every caucus, and ideas were the height of fashion. Archibald MacLeish, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Rovere, Robert Sherwood, Bernard De Voto, whole platoons of writers and professors called Party regulars by first names, ghost-wrote glowing speeches, had fingers in every plank of the Platform, and blew their shiny phrases into the eager air.

How dark a contrast was last week's Chicago gathering! Except for ex-Professor Wayne Morse sounding from the rostrum like a civics teacher in a third-rate high school, the few intellectuals who were on hand huddled in dark corridors, and gnawed a few paragraphs tossed them by an indifferent Platform Committee. The heavy, cold hands of the professionals were at the controls—the professional politicians and the professionals of the "communications industry"—and no idea above the level of *I Love Lucy* was allowed to show its face. Down with eggheadism! had evidently been the firm decision, presaged by Adlai Stevenson's shift to low gear last autumn—If the American voters want moronic leadership, let's not force them to vote Republican to get it! If politics is now merely a TV Giveaway Show, then send the longhairs to the basement, and shovel out the corn . . .

It will not be so easy for our intellectuals to explain to their readers and students—and themselves—the moral values of Frank Clement's keynote speech, the vulgar exploitation of Harold Russell and the brutal manipulations of the bosses. Our intellectuals will have to ask themselves, this time, just what this pottage is for which they traded their birthright.

Under Western Eyes

The pressure of Western public opinion has led the Polish Government to announce that the forthcoming trials of the leading Poznan demonstrators will be "open," and to grant the request of the British Embassy to send observers. The United States Embassy, although it has made no official request, also expects its representatives to be admitted.

Skepticism about the fairness of any trial under a Communist regime is in order, but every effort should certainly be made to push as far as possible through this door that Warsaw seems to have left at least partly ajar. The State Department might, for example, make special temporary appointments to the Warsaw Embassy of persons outstandingly qualified, both by training (including linguistic skill) and public reputation, to serve as observers. Following up the declaration that the trials will be "open," it would be proper for the American Bar Association and the AFL-CIO (because of the involvement of workers and workers' organizations) to send their own observers. The Khrushchev admissions about the past history of "Communist justice" offer grounds for the proposal that Western lawyers should be actively associated in the defense. The international press ought to be ably represented.

America has lagged behind Western Europe in its response to the Poznan events. The claims of justice and charity join with policy to call for any feasible action whereby to prevent these three hundred Polish workers and students from being sacrificed to totalitarian tyranny.

An Irrelevant Conference

We go to press just before the opening of the London Conference on Suez, but we do not hesitate to predict that it will fail to accomplish the purpose for which it was called, namely: to suggest an acceptable answer to Colonel Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal Company. In fact, the Conference must necessarily complicate further that which it was convened to solve.

Not that an international conference on Suez was inherently improper. Nor even that international control of the Suez Canal is wrong in itself—there has always, in fact, been a form of such international control, guaranteed by international treaties, and it is conceivable that a new form is in order. It was not the general idea of the London Conference that was wrong—but the list of guests, and the timing. It came too late, *or* too soon.

International negotiations take place on the implied basis of given power relations. They translate into words, and formalize, the ever-shifting equilibrium

of economic, political and military power. Two years or even six months ago, British troops were in physical control of the Suez Canal zone. A conference would have made very good sense, from the Western point of view. The whole trend of the postwar world showed that some revision was going to have to be made in the Canal Company's status. The best way to do it would have been for London and Paris themselves to have taken the initiative. The best time to do it was when they still held all the aces—that is, had de facto military control of the situation.

Next best, granted that the troops had left and that Nasser acted first, would be to *re-establish* military control, and *then* call a conference. Regaining control, it may be added, might not require direct occupation if, after bringing overwhelming force to bear in the theater, Britain and France made quite clear—as today it is far from clear—that they were ready to use it. Under those circumstances a conference would be serious. Even if not unanimous, it would by the nature of the real situation result in a decision both acceptable to and enforceable by the West.

But as it is, Nasser sits on the canal and not at the London table. This perfectly symbolizes the pointlessness of the proceeding. The whole affair can be only a verbal fiesta for Shepilov, who knows what he wants, Krishna Menon, who is sure at least of what he doesn't want, and John Foster Dulles, who knows neither the one nor the other.

Easy . . .

It is *not* true that the National Council of Churches has condemned right-to-work legislation—as Governor Fred Hall of Kansas asserted recently in an attempt to spiritualize his veto of a right-to-work law; but it *is* true that the Council's "Division of Christian Life and Work" has recommended to the parent body that it take an official stand in opposition to such laws.

The reasoning of the DCLW is interesting. It is simply a fact, it reports, that "in the course of human development, the organization of individuals into certain types of social patterns has been a necessity." It is also a fact that the "right of individuals to have a maximum freedom of choice in selection of . . . conditions of work, while basic, is not absolute." (There are grounds for "Christian concern for those who do not wish to join a union," but there are no less grounds for Christian concern "for those who *do* wish to join and maintain a union.") *Moreover,* "all men are confronted, from time to time, with the necessity of yielding to the interests and welfare of others."

"Thus, while people do not usually like compulsion in any form, they may accept some degree of it in order to achieve values which cannot be secured without it. They recognize that in any social order the exercise of individual freedom may be self-defeating and that freedom must of necessity in some circumstances be exercised in terms of group decisions."

These are dangerous generalizations, as the use to which they are here put establishes. They are prudently used, by social theorists, to justify collective action against the nonconformist who refuses to abide by the essential rules of society, e.g., the right to life and liberty and property. But to ease these principles over to shore up arguments for compulsory membership in a private organization, the existence, let alone the strength, of which is by no means indispensable to life, liberty, or order, is sophistry and, we repeat, dangerous, for it establishes anti-libertarian precedents.

We have previously remarked efforts by the AFL-CIO to seduce the National Council, in part through generous dispensations ($200,000 in 1954). We hope the national body will reject its subordinate's invitation to play horse to the CIO's Lady Godiva.

Arthur Bliss Lane

The career of Arthur Bliss Lane, who died on August 13, was marred by a major disability: he was, not episodically but by fixed character, a courageous and an honorable man. Therefore, in an age of demagogues and timeservers, he was doomed, in practical affairs, to frequent disappointment. As his friends knew, this never soured his graciousness or the humane firmness with which he adhered to the ideals by which his life was ordered.

He entered the Foreign Service immediately after college, in 1916, and rose quickly through posts in Latin America and Eastern Europe. In 1947, after three years as Ambassador to the Polish puppet government in Warsaw, he resigned. He had become convinced that he must recover the freedom of a private citizen to tell his countrymen the full truth about the postwar world and the disastrous course that our government had set within it. The last decade of his life was spent in active fulfillment of this hard duty. His book, *I Saw Poland Betrayed,* was among the first to break through the lingering illusions of Yalta. From the beginning, he explained the fatal error in attempts to contain or appease world Communism. He headed the committee that finally established the truth about the Katyn massacre.

We are honored that Arthur Bliss Lane was a friend of NATIONAL REVIEW from before its beginning, and that our file and our memory contain his warm welcome to our venture.

From the Democratic Convention

L. BRENT BOZELL and WILLMOORE KENDALL

Notes from Chicago

As of early morning on the fourth day of the Convention:

1. Jake Arvey in his shirtsleeves is on the elevator that takes us down to breakfast. Our conversation does not go beyond an exchange of simple brotherly greetings. The expression on Mr. Arvey's face was never that of a man who has just been took by Carmine De Sapio and Harry Truman.

2. Mrs. Clement, who rides that same elevator, but not quite so early in the morning as Mr. Arvey and ourselves, is a looker — even if the Liberal press says she is. She is the envy of the elevator operators, themselves female, who presumably don't realize that along with all that glamour, were it possible to trade for it, would go the chore of listening to the Governor at breakfast, lunch and dinner.

3. The delegates and candidates are not apathetic (though that is the pejorative adjective that comes to the lips of those who dislike the way things are going). There is a great deal of activity, of hard work, of bustling even—just so much, however, or so it seems to these observers, as the mission each individual brought with him to the Convention clearly calls for. The Stevenson supporters do what is involved in supporting Stevenson; the candidates for Vice President, and their aides as well, do what is involved in running for Vice President. But we have yet to identify a Stevenson supporter with the kind of enthusiasm for Stevenson that was present from the first moment four years ago. Or, and this is perhaps more significant, a Stevenson supporter who has worked up a good head of resentment toward Mr. Truman for his betrayal of Mr. Stevenson. Or even a Vice-Presidential candidate, or supporter of one for that matter, who seems really concerned about the Vice-Presidential nomination. (We know from old the electricity that comes into Senator Humphrey's voice when he talks about something he really wants as contrasted with something only marginally important, i.e., something bearing on merely the national interest rather than his career; and we should say that that quality was totally lacking in his plea to one of the delegations for support for Stevenson.

In Senator Kennedy's office, similarly, they say, "Well, it all depends

Stevenson

on who's nominated for President and what kind of help he thinks he needs from New England. If a Catholic from Massachusetts is required, the Senator will be nominated; all we can do is wait and see."

So, too, at Senator Symington's office, while they all came to Chicago just in case, and are not sure they should have bothered. One gets the impression that these are not flesh and blood men who have been bitten by the bug of political ambition and are moved by the deep personal loyalties of the political science textbooks. These are spooks; nothing surprises them or delights them or makes them sore. Nothing, one suspects, could cause them to say, Ouch! Like the postman, they go their appointed rounds, and that's that.

4. As for the Convention's doing all it can short of nominating Eisenhower to insure his re-election, don't misunderstand us. We are not saying that if the Convention had taken the bull by the horns, had, say, adopted a firm anti-segregation policy and tied into the Republicans on foreign affairs, and drawn some real issues, then the Democrats might have taken the Republicans to a cleaning in November. In this respect, the Democratic Party is only doing what the American political system seems to require of it: namely, that it be virtually indistinguishable from the party it opposes. The point is you can't beat somebody (Dwight Eisenhower) with nobody (that is, a Stevenson or Harriman or Truman or Symington) *after* you have done everything possible to destroy any popular impression that he possesses charisma. Every one of the major "personalities" caught up in the Presidential race has at some moment been made to look helpless and ineffective; Stevenson helpless to keep Truman from opposing him, Truman helpless to keep Stevenson from getting a majority, Harriman helpless except to smear Stevenson, Symington helpless except to hover no place. It will not be easy, after all this, to build up any of them into a majestic figure sent out to slay the most popular President in recent times.

5. The more reflective Southerners are noticeably uncomfortable about the "victory" the South is winning over those who would have liked a strong pro-Supreme Court anti-segregation plank. They recognize that the Convention marks the postponement for four years of any parting of ways between the South and the Democratic Party. But they say, also, they have been placed in the

position of recommending a stand that is by no means their own and therefore have to some extent at least cut themselves off from the possibility of objecting too vigorously to that stand. Stevensonian "moderation" is less objectionable to the Southerners, of course, than Harrimaniacal extremism: but both are bitter pills, a creeping death sentence on the South that Southern conservatives would like to preserve.

The Boss at Chicago: Eisenhower

NATIONAL REVIEW has often expressed the fear that Dwight Eisenhower's impact on the Republican Party would be permanent. What seems to have escaped us right along is what Eisenhower is doing to the Democratic Party (and will, dead or alive, continue to do to it for a long time to come).

Not that we alone have been guilty of this analytical booboo; a substantial majority of the delegates who made their way to Chicago last weekend, as well as their Edgar Bergens, were saddled with it too. They came here rather expecting the unveiling of a formula for beating the Republicans in November. But it is inconceivable that the mistake will survive this desultory and futile affair, the Democratic National Convention of 1956. The delegates will go home, all of them, understanding that, while Democratic principles will triumph gloriously in November, they will do so under the auspices of the fellow who will head up the opposition ticket.

One view is that over the past three and a half years the Democratic Party made, or at least helped to make, Dwight Eisenhower an almost universally popular leader. Another view is that, given Dwight Eisenhower and the Eisenhower program, the Democratic Party could not have done anything else. No matter which of the two views you buy, it is now pretty much self-evident that the Democrats have no business being happy about the situation they developed. It could be said that such and such a legislative item would have foundered except for Democratic support in Congress. The Democrats should have leavened their joy over being *ideologically* successful by a realization that their chances of being *politically* successful were fast going by the board.

Harriman

Too Cowed to Fight

They know it now. The Democrats know it now because, after hearing the best "fight-fight-fight" boys the Democratic National Committee could hire, they have not been convinced that there is much worth fighting about—and certainly not the kind of thing that in the past has filled the Democracy with a sense of "mission." The monstrosity of which Governor Clement delivered himself Monday night was, we agree, "well received" by 75 per cent of the delegates (the rest held their noses).

Clement was well received, just as anyone will be well received on having put on a convincing demonstration that he is undaunted when, like everyone else, he possesses the most cogent reasons for being scared stiff. As one delegate put it admiringly, "he has that kind of unflinchable spirit that we all need." Neither Clement nor any of the other spirit-inoculators has brought his stuff across, and no one in Chicago supposes that the Democratic Party will be able to pass on to the "uncommitted" segment what it itself hasn't got. The reason is equally obvious: The Democrats have played up the "Eisenhower has stolen our program" theme to a point where their further theme—that this is really *their* program—seems pitifully irrelevant.

Sam Rayburn is unquestionably a masterful legislator, but he gives the impression of not knowing his way around nearly so well in an election campaign—as witness his eagerness on Tuesday night to lay Democratic poverty right out on the table: "I challenge any Republican anywhere," "Mr. Democrat" said, "to put his finger on any changes [the Republicans] have made. I challenge them to

Kefauver

show where anybody in this administration, from the President down, has advocated the repeal of a single law we passed in the twenty years of Democratic administration."

Mr. Rayburn is certainly not to be challenged on the faithfulness of his reading of history nor begrudged the pride which he understandably feels about all of this. But surely he ought to realize that the people for whom his challenge will make trouble are not Republicans but Democrats. In a word, it is an impossible political task to work up national enthusiasm for driving the defilers out of the temple, when the main point of the people who want to do the driving is that the temple is, in all important respects, the very place that it was when they left it four years ago.

There are, to be sure, things like Dixon-Yates and the alleged depletion of natural resources; but these cannot be made into overriding issues, and nothing makes this clearer than Democratic oratory which goes on and on talking about mimicry. It seems equally clear that while such issues may cut some ice in Wayne Morse's constituency, they will not do so in Dwight Eisenhower's larger one.

Symington

On the one issue of national proportions that the Democrats are in a position to kick up a debate about—the farm problem—they are not sufficiently sure of themselves even to draw lines. As we go to press, it looks as though a fixed price-support pledge would be worked into the platform, but there is abundant evidence that many a Democratic stumper will prefer merely to lament what is going on.

Faint Heart

Forgetting for a moment the issues that are popularly supposed to have propelled the Democrats to past triumphs (our own guess is that the issues have a good deal less to do with these triumphs than is popularly supposed), the Democratic Party owes much of its recent glory to the highly successful promotion of two non-issue themes. The first and by all odds the most important is the Democratic Party "heart" theme, that it really cares about "people" — more, for example, than about money. The other is that the Democratic Party knows how to run a government. So that no matter how much Wendell Willkie and Tom Dewey ended up disproving what Roosevelt had done, they were still way behind because they didn't have the know-how.

In this 1956 Convention the Democrats are still trading heavily on both of these themes—shockingly oblivious of the fact that the opposition now has a corner on both markets. "The Democratic March" tune is all about the "Democratic Heart" business, as, of course, are all the perorations to the faithful, as well as a good bit of the "analysis." The trouble with this line in 1956 is the implication that Dwight Eisenhower doesn't have a heart. Not only is it perfectly zany to suppose that the American people will buy *that* line about the President, of all people; the Democrats themselves are putting up a whale of a fight against anybody adopting their arguments. *They* insist that Eisenhower is "sincere"; *they* insist that he means well; they just never let us forget that, while Eisenhower may be "responsible" for what goes on around him, he is nonetheless the victim of his advisers. Of course, if the point about Eisenhower being a tool of somebody were to take hold, this line of argument would not be as self-defeating as we think it to be. But no responsible analyst has suggested that the Democrats are making or will make headway with that point. So they end up conceding the strongest argument in favor of Eisenhower, namely: the argument concerning his virtue.

Convention Lowlights

The long, long slide: The movie shown to the delegates—*The Pursuit of Happiness*, by Dore Schary and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.—traced the development of the Democratic Party "from Thomas Jefferson to Harry Truman."

More than 5 per cent? ". . . the Republican Party is guilty of corruption in high places involving an unprecedented spree of giveaways, grab and greed." —Gov. Frank G. Clement

The forgotten question: "Paradoxically, the only question the delegates have not been heard discussing all day is who among the lot [of candidates] would make the best President of the United States."—James Reston, *New York Times*, August 14.

How's that again? "There never was a time in the history of the United States when we needed an honest Administration as we need it now."—Harry S. Truman.

Happy Chandler

Oratory, TV style: The glassy stare of speakers hypnotized by the teleprompter.

A Case for Benzedrine

On the other theme, that about knowing how to execute great policies better than anyone else, the Democrats are shooting the works, with well directed salvos at the Administration for its "confusion," "indecision" and inability to keep its mind made up; also with a lot of silly points about Eisenhower's Secretary of State making unwise use of his time, and so on. Here the Democrats have chosen to stand and fight.

Their main contention is that the impeccable Mr. Eisenhower is in incapable hands. It may be there is nothing of a derogatory nature that can plausibly be said about Dwight Eisenhower. His reputation for goodness goes on and on, despite alleged trespasses on his part, just as God goes on and on despite earthquakes. The "incapable hands" issue is more than just a cut below the "man without a heart" issue. It is one of those shortcomings Eisenhower is not likely to be found guilty of by the electorate.

Harry Truman sensed this and sensed most particularly that the Democratic Convention would sense it before it went home. He was not so resourceful as to know what to do about it—as what Democrat is? But Truman has been around long enough to understand when benzedrine is needed, and to hand it around. Whether his medicine will wear off after the three days, or last long enough to provoke a fight over the caretakership, we don't pretend to know or care. We are going home.

The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

The Old Man of the Sea

Back in 1952 I did a radio commentary on the campaign for independent stations in Arizona, Michigan and New York State and provided spot bulletins for a nation-wide network.

Between the first primary and the November election, I traveled 50,000 miles by car, making reports on trends and developments in every state of the Union, and revisiting many of them several times as the campaign wore on and opinion began to crystallize. In almost every urban community and in many rural areas, north, south, east and west, there were "Democrats for Eisenhower" organizations. There were no Republican groups advancing the cause of Stevenson. Avoiding the campaign trains and the captive audiences, I listened to local opinion, newsmen, country editors, county politicians, housewives, tourists, people in shops and stores and gas stations and bars and restaurants.

To an overwhelming majority everywhere Eisenhower was a golden composite of all our national heroes; the man who would cleanse America, redeem it, restore the nation's honor and give us back our pride in country. Almost no one knew anything about him except his war record.

His speeches were not impressive; they didn't have to be. The legend of Eisenhower had been established before he appeared on the scene.

But there was another side of the picture. From border to border and sea to sea, Republicans, Democrats and independents were damning the Truman Administration — and the farther South one went, the more personal the damnation became. There were many counts in the indictment, but the most nearly universal was the conduct of foreign relations, especially the Korean war. In many sections Harry Truman and Dean Acheson were "the abominable twins." For the first time since 1928, a Republican Presidential candidate was openly supported throughout Dixie by prominent citizens. But the car stickers and banners which read "I like Ike" should have carried a supplemental line: "And I loathe Truman." Governor Stevenson was almost a nebulous figure to a large percentage of the populace. He had his admirers and his critics, but he really wasn't an issue. Nevertheless, no man since Sinbad ever carried a heavier load on his back. Adlai's futile efforts to dump "the Old Man of the Sea" earned the respect of the discerning—they gave him ten for trying—but to the voters, by and large, Stevenson seemed to be Truman's alter ego, or his stooge.

By Labor Day, after half a dozen transcontinental surveys, I had obtained a superabundance of evidence that Eisenhower would win. Even in the states that were to remain loyal to the Democratic Party, there was much praise for Eisenhower, great censure for Truman—not Stevenson, Truman. An editor in Alabama told me Eisenhower couldn't carry the state, but that despite the fact that his "Hickory Stick Democrat" grandfather would be "whirlin' in his grave," he personally was going to vote the Republican ticket. Many Southern newspapers, for the first time in history, published instructions on how to split a ticket. That in itself should have been enough for anyone.

It was more than enough for me. In mid-September, I went on the air, predicting that Eisenhower would win in a walk and that he would break the Solid South.

In October, I made a final swing through the Southern states from Virginia to Texas. My trip was coincident with Harry Truman's "pour it on" speeches. These were like gasoline on the fire in the South. Eisenhower's popularity became a secondary consideration; Stevenson's pale countenance vanished, and there remained only the issue and its personification — Trumanism and Truman — things to be bug-dusted back into the woodwork. I reported that Eisenhower would carry Virginia and Florida. I saw the same things in Texas, perhaps even more, but I couldn't quite believe it. I made some bets, but that was gambling; quite a different proposition from offering an objective opinion to the public.

After the landslide, returning from Arizona to Washington, I found a curious serenity across the continent. The Great General had yet to take command, but Trumanism and Truman had been extirpated from the national scene forever—or so it seemed.

Rekindled Flame

Since '52 I have made at least one and usually several annual transcontinental surveys, political or economic or both. These have been illuminating in several respects. First, in the gradual change in the public concept of Eisenhower. This has included much disappointment among those who expected at least a demigod; considerable bitterness among Republicans and others who expected (or hoped for) a virile foreign policy, and the emergence of a majority opinion that Ike is a "good man doing a tough job reasonably well." Second, the rather quick dissipation of the fire and fury that had helped hurl Trumanism out the window; if not a forgiving, a forgetting. And, last, the disappearance of what can only be described as a patriotic renaissance, animated by a wondrous hope four years ago when the "crusade" was on. For many, that hope was destroyed with Taft's political destruction at the Chicago Convention, but for the multitude it just faded away so slowly that when it was gone, its absence was scarcely noticed.

In the past nine months I have made

(Continued on p. 16)

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

What East Europeans Are After

The 20th Congress of the Russian Communist Party did not initiate but merely quickened a course of development in the captive nations of Eastern Europe that dates from early in 1955. The process is locally called, after Ehrenburg's novel, "the thaw."

"The thaw" is modest in degree. It is a February thaw turning the surface to slush rather than the start of the spring breakup of the ice. Nevertheless, it is real, and its reality is indirectly proved by the fact that it differs in depth from nation to nation. It has scarcely touched Albania; and Bulgaria and Rumania, only a little. It has been felt noticeably in Czechoslovakia, more in Hungary, most of all in Poland.

Restless Intellectuals

The first open symptom of the thaw was a rustle among the intellectuals, especially the younger intellectuals and students. In conferences and then in the columns of Polish and Hungarian literary journals, questions were raised that breached the limits of Stalinist protocol. Even earlier, an honest and tragic note in some creative writers had violated the canons of "socialist realism."

At first most of the discussion was ostensibly on esthetic and philosophic problems. Favorable comments, hitherto heretical, began to be made on "decadent" bourgeois figures: Mallarmé, Apollinaire, Faulkner, abstract painters. Critics urged wider acquaintance with Western art and literature, not merely to condemn it but to learn from it.

Gradually, in the three northern satellites, the critique shifted into social and political problems. Students began calling for more academic freedom, a less rigid approach to philosophy, the right to organize non-Party student groups.

Older intellectuals, encouraged by the return of prisoners from Siberia, have been discussing "the administration of justice." They also advocate more discussion in the parliaments, with freedom for deputies to put forward views that oppose the official line.

In June of this year, the first postwar Congress of Polish Economists heard still more startling suggestions. Professor Oscar Lange (once of the University of Chicago) declared that the economy was in bad shape because of excessive bureaucratization and lack of honest statistical data; Prof. Edward Lipinski maintained that centralized planning was inevitably inadequate. Prof. Faberkiewicz questioned "the priority of heavy industry," and Prof. Wlodzimierz Brus argued for the restoration of the law of supply and demand as the means for determining prices and values.

Dissatisfied Workers

In these current developments the two groups most conspicuously in motion have been the younger intellectuals and the industrial workers. The workers, taking advantage of the slight loosening of the political structure, are pushing demands for improvement in their harsh condition. In some cases, the official "trade unions"—designed under Communism as a means of state control over the workers—have been forced to defend the workers' interests. The Poznan outburst was the highest point so far reached by this phase of the general development.

In Hungary, Czechoslovakia and especially in Poland, the regimes have in fact made concessions to the workers. Special taxes have been lowered. After Poznan some past taxes were even repaid. Some of the rigorous labor rules have been eased. What we call "fringe benefits" have been increased. Compulsory overtime work has been reduced, even though in some instances—as in the coal mines—this has meant a breakdown in the production plan.

Let us remark that two sets of demands seem to rise naturally out of the thaw: from the intellectuals—some liberalization of social life, of politics and cultural affairs; from the workers—better conditions of labor and a rise in the standard of living. (We may add that the peasantry continues its opposition to collectivization, although special peasant activity has not marked this recent period. The peasant opposition is a solid, more or less permanent foundation for other, more volatile opposition now and in the future.)

At the same time, both intellectuals and workers have found ways to show that they share a third primary goal: to acquire more independence from the Soviet Union. At the present stage they do not believe that there is any chance for outright "liberation" and genuine political independence. But they do seem to have some hope of gradually loosening the Moscow ties, and of moving, perhaps, toward a "neutralized" Eastern and Central Europe.

This last notion is turning up lately both in Eastern Europe and among the exiles. It is made the more attractive because it seems to many to be also the answer to the fear of a new general war and to "the German question." The neutralized zone (of which Austria is taken to be a sample) is presumed to include Germany. It is believed that a scheme of neutralization is the only political basis for the reunification of Germany, and also the only way to quiet the traditional fear of Germany which has always counterbalanced Eastern Europe's fear and hatred of Moscow.

The Moscow Directorate, struggling to pull together the structure still disorganized from the death of No. 1, thus confronts in the captive nations an opposition that is groping toward *a program*: anti-collectivization in the countryside; a better standard of living for the city workers; liberalization of political and cultural life; greater national autonomy. By finding a program, an opposition begins to have a serious political significance. Moscow must try to decide whether to smash this potential threat head-on or to maneuver it out of existence. But the choice is troublesome, as the behavior since Poznan is proving.

Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

Ben Gurion Pleases Nasser

Nasser's most potent mouthpiece, Radio Cairo, has just produced a veritable sensation: the station (owned, of course, and operated by the Egyptian Government) broadcast, *in Hebrew,* an effusive message of congratulations to Israel—congratulations on the "exemplary" Israeli conduct vis-à-vis Egypt's quarrel with the West.

And indeed, the Israeli Government is taking a leaf from Nehru's textbook on neutralism: whenever the West is in trouble, declare yourself entirely indifferent to its fate; in fact, pick that very moment for a rapprochement with the West's foe—even, and particularly, if he has been your own sworn enemy. And Mr. Ben Gurion's Machiavellian policy can claim a rather persuasive rationale.

The Suez crisis (or so argues the Israeli Government) will end, evidently, either with a defeat or a victory for Nasser. If he is defeated, Israeli's friendly "understanding" for Egypt's frustrated aspirations will result in some kind of negotiable gratitude on the part of the humiliated Arab world. If Nasser is to succeed, his whole future posture will have to be so apprehensive about the West's desire for revenge that he will be only too glad to respect Israel's neutrality. A victorious West, on the other hand, cannot permit a defeated Nasser to recoup his fortunes by attacking Israel. And a West defeated in the Suez crisis must more than ever try to secure a stronghold against Egypt in a fortified Israel. Consequently, from any conceivable point of view "friendly neutrality" towards Nasser seems like the only prudent policy for Israel.

At any rate, the Israeli diplomats at the UN and in the Western capitals are currently working remarkably in tune with Nasser's lobby. Contrary to the speculations and predictions in America's metropolitan press, the replacement of Mr. Sharett by Mrs. Myerson was the beginning of an Israeli détente with Egypt. The new Foreign Minister, an old hand at playing ball with the Kremlin team, was prepared to adjust Israel's policy to the tremendous new fact in the Middle East—Soviet Russia's unprecedented thrust into that area.

This thrust is bound to succeed, even if the forthcoming London Conference can resolve the Suez crisis. For the first time since 1917, the Soviet Government has been *officially* invited to shape the fate of the Arab world. Thus, endorsed by the U.S., England has formally recognized that Soviet Russia is a Mediterranean power with legitimate interests in Africa and the Middle East.

Israel's skillful diplomacy vis-à-vis Egypt indicates what Mrs. Myerson, Israel's former Ambassador to Moscow, has learned about the Soviet intentions in the area. The Israeli Government seems to anticipate that Soviet Russia, for the time being, will be satisfied with its first immense success in penetrating the Middle East (Soviet participation in a future Suez Canal administration) and will *not* advise Egypt to torpedo the London Conference. Thus, the Israeli Government expects the willingness of a humiliated Egypt to resolve the Israeli-Egyptian tension.

London Daily Mail

"Come along, son. You're a big boy now!"

A New Nationalism

The isolationism which could have saved us from defeat in victory is outdated, says the author, but an enlightened nationalism might still enable us to avoid disaster

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Will the sinister mystery of Pearl Harbor ever be cleared up?

Two highly important questions about it remain, let's face it, wholly unanswered. First, why did the highest United States military and naval authorities act as if they ignored the danger of a Japanese surprise attack on the United States fleet at Pearl Harbor? It was the most obvious, tempting strategic target, and as we now know, the broken Japanese cipher had given clear intimations that a larger attack was being prepared. Secondly, why were the commanders on the spot, Admiral Kimmel and General Short, kept in such ignorance of the rapid worsening of American-Japanese relations? And until these questions are convincingly answered, the ugly suspicion cannot be stilled that the American warships and planes in Hawaii were used—as sacrificial bait—to draw a Japanese attack that would bring the United States into unwanted war.

As a participant in the Second World War, the United States faced this dilemma: It could not win the war militarily, at least in Europe, without the Soviet Union. And just as certainly, it could not win the war politically and morally with the Soviet Union as an ally.

Had there been a cool-headed Machiavellian statesman in the White House, a man with a healthy distrust of future Soviet intentions, the U.S. might, to be sure, have got into the war and steered its political course to a less dismal fiasco than that which in fact occurred. Such a statesman would, for instance, have operated on the time-honored balance-of-power principle, and would, accordingly, have tapered off lend-lease aid to the Soviet Union after the defeat at Stalingrad had proved the war lost for Hitler. He would, moreover, have set as ultimate goal a reasonable, negotiated peace with a Germany under a non-Nazi leadership composed of men of the type who perished in the uprising of July 20 (some of whom are to be found today in the government of the German Federal Republic). And he would have aimed at a similar goal in Japan—that is, he would have made every effort to drive a wedge between the fanatical militarists and the reasonable elements in Japanese ruling circles, and would have forced Japan to withdraw from the territory it took by force after 1937 (remembering always that Japan might some day be useful as a check on Soviet and Chinese Communism).

But nothing of this kind was conceivable with Mr. Roosevelt in the White House. For some of his wartime policy decisions, e.g., the Unconditional Surrender slogan and the economically insane and politically ferocious Morgenthau Plan (largely the handwork of the Communist agent, Harry Dexter White), seemed deliberately designed to create a sense of solidarity between the German people and the Nazi ruling group. And the sacrifice of Poland on the altar of appeasement, finally consummated at Yalta, reflected both obtuseness as to moral values and a complete absence of insight into the foreseeable consequences of the large-scale Soviet expansion beyond the ethnic frontiers of the Soviet Union. We must remember, moreover, that this was the Administration that told Adolf Berle to "jump in the lake" with Whittaker Chambers' revelations of Soviet spies in trusted government office, that allowed Soviet espionage rings to function without let or hindrance, and regarded anyone who heard, thought or spoke evil of Soviet Communism as a suspect "fascist." Whether the critic had a long career of devotion to human liberty and opposition to totalitarianism of any kind simply didn't matter.

If We Had Not Fought

Now: I hold that isolationism, or nonintervention, as urged in 1940 and 1941 by principled and patriotic Americans like Charles A. Lindbergh and General Robert E. Wood and their followers in America First, was a reasonable and practical means of avoiding U.S. involvement in the war. I hold also that a "Kilkenny cats' fight" between dictators, which is what would have happened had we held aloof, would have led to results vastly preferable to those we ended up producing. And I hold, finally, that our present situation in the Far East is more dangerous and difficult by far than it would be if the United States had stood aside and permitted the Japanese, the Chinese Nationalists, the Chinese Communists and the Soviet Union to fight it out to a more or less permanent balance of strength.

The gap between promise and performance after the Second World War, let us notice, was far greater than after the First. Nothing in the Treaty of Versailles, harsh and unjust as it was, could approach, in cruelty and social dislocation, the complete multilation of historic boundaries, accompanied by the driving of some twenty million people from their homes, which followed the establishment of Communist rule over Europe east of the Elbe. There were no such outrageous injustices in 1919 as the transformation of Koenigsberg into Kaliningrad, of Breslau into Wroclaw, the taking away from Poland of such cities of historic Polish culture as Lvov and Wilno, and the assignment to Poland of large areas of ethnic

German territory in Silesia, East Prussia and Pomerania. The Four Freedoms became four fictions for an entire third of the population of the world as the Reds pushed into vast new realms in China and other parts of Asia. The Atlantic Charter, the nearest equivalent to Wilson's Fourteen Points, exerted no discernible influence on the postwar settlement. The latter, therefore, was a flat denial of self-determination, and this unavoidably made for much increased insecurity and a much heavier burden of permanent armaments. The darkest predictions of isolationist critics of Roosevelt's foreign policy have been fully realized.

There has been, in short, even more cause for disillusioned American withdrawal from responsibility in world affairs than that which took place after America's first crusade. But nothing of the kind has happened. Rather, the few voices that have been raised from time to time in favor of old-fashioned isolationism have fallen on deaf ears despite unprecedently high peacetime taxes that have caused popular grumbling and anxiety about the economic future. Congress has kept right on voting military and economic aid appropriations with large bipartisan majorities. And who doubts that if President Truman had met the Chinese Communist challenge in Korea head-on, and applied General MacArthur's prescription for military victory, the American people would have backed him to the limit? What irked the American people about the war in Korea was not the armed resistance to Communist aggression. It was the halfhearted nature of this resistance, the apparent fear of winning a clear-cut victory, the undue deference to the views of lukewarm allies and to Nehru's defeatist backseat driving, and the sense that our armed forces were being compelled to fight with one hand tied behind their backs.

At the present time—and this is what clinches the point—the United States, entirely apart from its vague and theoretically unlimited obligations under the UN Charter, is specifically committed to help defend against aggression the NATO area of Western Europe, Japan, Korea, Formosa, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and other lands in the Pacific and the Far East. Acceptance of such far-reaching responsibilities would have seemed fantastic before the First World War, or during the interwar period, and the question arises, How explain it? Is it the result of some kind of collective brainwashing, as those who still advocate isolationism maintain? Is it the continued pursuit of utopian ideals, such as making the world safe for democracy, or making over foreign countries in America's image, or achieving perpetual peace through perpetual war, or extirpating sin in international relations?

I do not think so. I remain an unreconstructed opponent of the ideas and policies which led to American intervention in the two great wars of the century. But the world situation, which must always influence conceptions of national interests, has changed drastically since 1917 and since 1939. Choices that were open to us in those years are now closed.

Imbalance of Power

The danger to the United States from a draw or even from a German victory in the First World War was vague and debatable. Wilson was most probably right when, before American intervention, he praised the idea of "peace without victory." Such a peace, concluded in 1916 or 1917, would, more likely than not, have staved off two of the greatest disasters to Western civilization: the victory of Communism in Russia and that of National Socialism in Germany. And there were, I repeat, promising alternatives to the one-sided interventionist course of the Roosevelt Administration, which so conspicuously failed to realize the ideals of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms.

But there was no alternative, compatible with the security of the United States, to taking up the challenge of Communist imperialist expansion after the end of the Second World War. After this ordeal by combat, only the United States and the Soviet Union were in the finals as world powers. And no words of condemnation are strong enough to characterize adequately the policies of the Roosevelt Administration that helped create the present monstrous imbalance of power in Europe and in Asia.

However, this imbalance of power cannot be conjured away merely by condemning, no matter how justly, such figures as Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins, Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White. Positive action has been required: the build-up of America's own defenses, the creation of a network of alliances in Europe and Asia, the establishment of a globe-girdling system of air bases.

A question may fairly be posed to those who point with alarm to present conditions as foreshadowing a garrison state, an American empire, a militarized economy. What would life in these United States be at this moment if there had been no American attempt to block the course of Soviet expansion? Suppose that Western Europe had gone the way of Eastern Europe, that Korea and other outposts in Asia had been allowed to fall, that we now faced a gigantic totalitarian empire on both of our ocean frontiers. Is it not overwhelmingly probable that in such a case our dangers and burdens would today be ten times greater, that the degree of militarization and industrial regimentation would be enormously higher, and yet clearly dictated by sheer considerations of national survival? The world has become too small to afford a hiding place for a nation like the United States. There is no longer the possibility, which existed twenty years ago, of playing off one totalitarian power against another. The enormous and increasing range and destructive power of modern weapons make fanciful the idea of withdrawing into a defensive shell, political, military or economic.

A Policy for Today

Neither isolationism nor interventionism is a rational goal in itself. Under changing circumstances, each may be desirable as the more serviceable to the interests of the United States. There have been times when isolationism served us well as a guiding rule of policy. There have been other occasions when an isolationist course would probably have worked out better than the course actually followed.

Certainly isolationism, with its flat rejection of foreign alliances and overseas commitments, is not a safe or even a practicable policy for the United States now, when the Communist empire has weighed down the scales of world power so heavily that

only United States power can maintain a precarious balance. To advocate isolationism today is, therefore, to aid, albeit unconsciously, the Communist grand design of world domination.

Rejecting isolationism as a policy unsuited to the circumstances of our time does not, however, commit one to a vague and woozy internationalism. All schemes of world government are unreal fantasies. There is no warrant for submitting American vital interests to chance ballots in that Tower of Babel, the United Nations. And we shall do well to stop our ears against the siren voices of advertising wizards who would like to persuade us that we will somehow enhance our safety by giving away large chunks of our national substance to uncommitted and often unfriendly neutrals. No patriotic American in his right mind should have a moment's hesitation in assigning relative priorities to an air force second to none and lavish handouts to India and Indonesia.

The beacon light of our foreign policy, then, should be neither a doctrinaire and obsolete isolationism nor a utopian internationalism. It should be intelligent American nationalism, characterized by single-minded pursuit of the best interests of the people of the United States. Only this kind of policy may be expected to win the confidence of friends and allies, and the respect of enemies and neutrals; Nothing else will bring America through the perils and pitfalls of this uncertain time without disaster.

THE CAMPAIGN

(Continued from p. 11)

grass roots surveys in twenty-three states, and while I have found concern over the state of the President's health and, in the South, tremendous agitation on the question of integration, there has been nothing comparable to the political interest or the emotional involvement of 1952. Eisenhower's popularity has declined, but not critically. On the other hand, prior to the Democratic Convention, there was reason to believe that the Republicans would face a united opposition with a high potential striking power.

Then Harry Truman made his "comeback." Repudiating his party's 1952 standard bearer, the "Old Man of the Sea" transferred his weight from Stevenson's neck to that of the Democratic Party. The *bête noir* of Southerners, and Democrats in many other sections, has revived the bitter memories of yesteryear; the banked fires are aglow again. Republicans are praying that the "master politician" (according to himself and his Liberal admirers) will keep on "pouring it on."

Primary Defeat

When Fred Hall, Governor of Kansas, took a terrific beating in his bid for renomination a fortnight ago, there were many reasonable explanations, yet they leave this reporter in a "yes, but" mood. The explainers explained that Fred wouldn't take advice, not even from Alf Landon, the man who put him in the State House. Perfectly true, but Mr. Hall is not the first Governor who has taken the bit in his teeth and lived *not* to regret it. It is also true that there was a split in the party, but that is a long-standing affair in Kansas and yet Mr. Hall is the first incumbent GOP Governor in almost a generation who couldn't wangle his own renomination despite the party squabble. It is also readily conceded that there is a real farm revolt in the state (as reported here in the issue of June 6), but Governor Hall was all-out for the farmer, a strenuous advocate of 100 per cent parity, if not more.

It is said that Labor in the great industrial city of Wichita let Hall down. But why? What more could Labor hope for than a Republican Governor who showed his colors by vetoing the right-to-work bill? It is said that the White House failed him miserably. But the President wrote him a nice "thank you" note (which was used for campaign purposes) after Hall had circulated a petition at the Atlantic City Governors' Conference urging Eisenhower's renomination. Of course, Hall "forgot" to mention Dick Nixon in his petition but that couldn't have any influence in a Kansas primary. Or could it?

It's all sort of mixed up: Here's a personable, eloquent, able Republican Governor, an ardent Eisenhowerite, a friend of the farmer and a man to whom Labor is considerably indebted —and he takes a bad beating from a much less well-known state Senator (Warren Shaw). The Kansas primary proved nothing conclusively, but it strongly suggests several things: 1) That the middle of the road is a fine place to get hit by two-way traffic; 2) That Eisenhower's coattails "ain't what they're cracked up to be," and that Liberalism (at least in Kansas) fails to enchant the majority of Republican voters.

The Democratic primary in Kansas also had points of interest. George Docking defeated Harry Woodring in the gubernatorial nominating contest by a scant margin. Docking, who was defeated by Hall in the general election of '54, raised the New Deal Banner (symbolically at least) in his contest with Woodring. The latter, Secretary of War under Roosevelt between 1936 and 1940, has been under the cloud of heresy to all true New and Fair Dealers since he remarked publicly a few years ago that General George Marshall was a man "who would sell his own grandmother." Docking's supportors are alleged to have made this the prime issue in the closing days of the campaign. If this was the decisive issue, the reaction was comparatively mild: Docking's plurality was only 500 votes.

In Republican Kansas under anything like normal conditions, Shaw should beat Docking with the greatest of ease. Conditions aren't normal but they are reliably reported to be improving. Unless there is a sharp adverse change, the Republican candidate should win by more than 100,000 votes. Barring another failure of health, President Eisenhower should do much better but probably not nearly as well as in '52 (616,000 to 273,000), and Senator Carlson should be reelected by a comfortable majority. In the congressional field, however, where the GOP now holds all six seats, the Democratic outlook is reported improved. Floyd Breeding, a farmer with oil and gas interests, will run in the Fifth District for the seat formerly held by Cliff Hope, now retired. Elmo Mahoney, who lost to incumbent Wint Smith in the sixth district two years ago, will try again with improved prospects. Denver Hargiss, mayor of Coffeeville, will seek to oust Myron George.

THE LAW OF THE LAND

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

The Bigelow Appointment

The controversy over the appointment of Mr. John M. Bigelow to the Board of Governors of Rutgers University—cut short when the New Jersey Senate took the matter out of its committee's hands and confirmed Mr. Bigelow—would seem to illustrate an unfortunate tendency, on the part of those seriously concerned with Communist infiltration, to put an entirely proper position in the wrong terms. I say "would seem" because what actually happened was not clear from the New York papers, particularly what Mr. Bigelow did or said on behalf of the school teacher whose legal counsel he was and who, some time ago, pleaded the Fifth Amendment in an investigation by the Board of Education of the City of Newark.

As reported in the press, when the Governor of New Jersey appointed Mr. Bigelow to the Rutgers Board a group of Senators refused to confirm the appointment on the ground that "Mr. Bigelow had had a client who pleaded the Fifth Amendment." Expressed this way, the Senators' position is wholly indefensible.

It is necessary to a free society that anyone have legal counsel when he is in difficulties, or, for that matter, whenever, for any reason, he thinks he needs legal advice. And it would gravely impair the operation of this principle if a lawyer should be penalized for service to any client. Nor has it been customary to impose such a penalty. If there is one proposition upon which the legal profession is united, it is that the sins of the clients should not be visited upon their lawyers.

To take the case of Mr. Bigelow: his school teacher client may have revealed to him that he had impaired the morals of minor students, or that he had sold them narcotics, or that he had transmitted official secrets to Soviet agents. We do not know, because the teacher refused to answer questions, availing himself of his privilege against self-incrimination. But if he had done any of those things, Mr. Bigelow quite rightly advised him to use the privilege, and Mr. Bigelow should not suffer for this performance of a professional duty.

On the other hand, there is some suggestion that what in fact offended the Senators was not Mr. Bigelow's representation of this teacher but his assertions as to the right of a public employee to retain his employment despite failure to explain suspicious circumstances affecting his qualifications. If so, a different question is presented with respect to which the Senators had a most tenable position. Certainly the attitude of a prospective member of the board of an educational institution toward teachers who do not clear up evidence indicating misconduct or other lack of qualifications is a legitimate subject of discussion.

Kreuttner

"Exposure of Communists should be left to the FBI. The fact that the FBI hasn't the power to expose anything is irrelevant."

A ruling on this general subject by Franklin Roosevelt when Governor of New York is instructive. The public employee was not a teacher, but the Sheriff of New York County, one Farley. The challenge to his qualifications did relate to his integrity, however, and there is no reason for a different rule for teachers from that applicable to sheriffs.

In Sheriff Farley's case there was no evidence before the Governor that he had accepted bribes or been otherwise corrupt. It did appear that he had made bank deposits and maintained a standard of living not possible on the basis of his public salary alone.

Governor Roosevelt removed the Sheriff. He said: "As a matter of general public policy I am very certain that there is a requirement that where a public official is under inquiry or investigation . . . [he] owes a positive public duty to the community to give a reasonable or credible explanation . . . It is time, I believe, that the standard of the conduct of public officers be put on a plane of personal as well as official honesty . . . The stewardship of public officers is a serious and sacred trust . . . Their personal possessions are invested with a public importance in the event their stewardship is questioned . . . I am not satisfied with the explanation" (given by Sheriff Farley).

The ruling was widely applauded. The *New York Times* said editorially the following day that the Governor's decision removed the "doubt which has persisted in many minds whether he was prepared to do his full duty to the people of the city" (the doubt having arisen because the Governor had hitherto been silent concerning the revelations of official misconduct by the Seabury investigation). According to the *Herald Tribune*, the Governor had "acted wisely and justly in the public interest."

I do not know the circumstances which cast suspicion on Mr. Bigelow's client, but let us assume that, as in the rather typical case of Professor Slochower of New York, recently before the United States Supreme Court, he had been identified in sworn testi-

(*Continued on p. 23*)

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

St. Andrews

This summer I shall be returning, for a time, to the ancient little University of St. Andrews, on the German Ocean. This is Scotland's senior university, founded in 1415. The proximate cause of the establishment of St. Andrews was the defense of the Old Profession against the Lollard heresy. Near the close of the succeeding century, of course, the university—with all Scotland—gave into the doctrines of John Knox; but it has remained unto this age, nevertheless, what its enemies call "a stronghold of romantic Toryism," risking its existence for the Stuarts in their time, and hostile to educational levelling in our century. So far as I know, I am the only living American who holds the senior degree of St. Andrews, doctor of letters; and I feel quite sure that I am the only person who has been capped with the cap of John Knox (literally) and hooded with the hood of St. Ignatius Loyola—this last, I add, not at St. Andrews but at Boston College.

The town of St. Andrews is far older than the university; it goes back to the time of the Culdees, and scraps of tombs and architecture of every age from that dim Christian dawn to the present are scattered about the little old gray city, on its cliffs above the sea. Of the ancient buildings of the university, two medieval chapels and some Renaissance halls and lodgings survive. There are a thousand students at the old town itself, and half as many more at Queen's College, across the estuary of the Tay. This is the smallest of the British universities, and one of the best. Philosophy, classics, and chemistry have been its famous departments in this century. The undergraduates, in their scarlet gowns, stroll among massive ruins: the smashed hulk of the Gothic cathedral; the brown wreck of the castle where Cardinal Beaton was dirked and pickled; the mile-long fortified walls of the vanished priory; the roofless houses by the derelict harbor. The world is not too much with one here; and, as Dr. Johnson said when he visited the place, it is admirably suited for study.

The silence, and the sense of the vanity of human wishes that broods over the place, help in this; and then, too, St. Andrews—like the other three Scottish universities—is wondrously inexpensive, by American or even English standards. There is no necessary opposition between aristocratic principles and student poverty; Tocqueville, indeed, observes that the aristocrat is indifferent to his own condition, when he finds himself poor, because his opinion of other people and of himself is not determined by wealth and creature-comforts. At St. Andrews, the chancellor is the premier duke in Scotland, and the rector the premier earl; but most of the students subsist upon rather slim scholarships or local-authority grants, and many of the others are happily and unabashedly shabby beneath their red gowns. In Scotland, a thirst for education long marked all classes, and once upon a time it was not uncommon to find farm laborers in Fife who had St. Andrews degrees. But these beings, like the Yankee bookman-farmers, have passed away, and the grants of the welfare state will not resurrect them.

Samuel Johnson's remarks to the contrary, poverty does have its pleasures. The garret-student at St. Andrews not only has much better opportunities for study than has any student in one of the gigantic air-conditioned-nightmare dormitories at certain state universities of ours; he also leads a far more varied, interesting, and personality-toughening life. It is good for a student to be poor. Getting and spending, the average American college student lays waste his powers: he works eight hours on the assembly-line even during term, too often, so as to buy that red convertible. Work and contemplation don't mix; and university days ought to be days of contemplation, if ever a man is to ruminate at all. Fasting and reading, a student may see visions and be, in Mr. C. S. Lewis' phrase, "surprised by joy." The corruption of many American institutions of higher learning into training-institutes for material success have severed hundreds of thousands of the better minds among our rising generation from even the awareness that a university education is supposed to be a leisurely and contemplative process, not a mere hurried business of bluffing and cheating one's way through innumerable courses, crowned by a sham-degree.

Most St. Andrews students still do not work for pay even during the summer vacation, probably. Vacation is the time for long and serious reading in a remote cottage, or perhaps for some cheap and independent roving about the Continent. The St. Andrews student knows that he is going to have to serve Mammon soon enough, without wasting his university years in washing cars or waiting on table. And then, too, the Scottish universities still expect their students to pass genuine examinations. At St. Andrews, one year, the professor of moral philosophy gave every one of his students the grade of failure. They came back at the end of summer, after intensive study, to re-sit the same examination; and he flunked them all a second time. Peculiar genius excepted, the student who is expected to write decent English and to be modestly competent in two or three intellectual disciplines simply hasn't time to serve Mammon.

And is all this an unjust servitude? Ought St. Andrews students, or American students, to be relieved of pennypinching and exacting reading-programs, so that, in a Deweyite phrase, they might "participate in worthwhile social experiences"? Not, I think, if one retains any respect for the development of self-reliance and the works of the mind. It is quite possible—even easy—to pamper the higher education to death. Little St. Andrews University still turns out graduates of some intellectual power; while Behemoth State University, on the average, turns out the adolescent with the sheepskin, filled only with that smattering of learning which is perilous to himself and his society.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Mandarins and Nothingness

THOMAS MOLNAR

If people surround Existentialism with so much curiosity, it is because they sense in it a philosophy of scandal—a secret encouragement to *exist* and not to worry about what is "behind it all." There is no God. There is only *nothing*. Devil take the rest. But not even he exists.

Jean-Paul Sartre's *Being and Nothingness* (Philosophical Library, $10.00) does not satisfy these various expectations. It is, of course, not a philosophical exposé in the traditional sense, although Father Bochenski calls it "one of the philosophical classics of our time, original and technically precise." But Sartre's *magnum opus* is also a theology (with the absence of God in its center) and a drama which marks man's futile dialogue with an impossible Being.

Why this Being is impossible, the author does not say—except for the suggestion that if He existed, He would combine the plentitude of being and the perfect consciousness. Free, and conscious of his freedom, man never stops assailing the object in which he sees something superior to, and fuller than, his own porous self. If he could reach his goal, he would be a totally *lucid being*—that is, God. As he forever fails, all his kicking against the limitations of his condition is of no avail: he remains "a useless passion."

Is man really like the image Sartre paints of him? Are his ambitions, accomplishments, his culture nothing but the by-product of his vain attempts to fill the void that chills his loneliness? Is he never satisfied, except on the rare occasions when his freedom finds a momentary *engagement* in a deeply lived personal adventure?

Why would man want to become God? Why not something similar to Him? The believer or the mystic, for example, would prefer the sweetness of contemplating God to the Sartrian project of becoming a self-contemplating lucid object. Examined carefully, this Sartrian substitute for God reveals himself as possessing neither will nor judgment. He is not the God of St. Paul, nor of Socrates, nor of Kierkegaard. He is the god who is dead.

As there is no God, so there is no love or friendship. "Consciousnesses" are trapping one another in a futile attempt to deprive one another of subjectivity; that is, to enslave one another. In sex and in love, as in life in general (Sartre writes), "I am thrown back upon my inescapable duty to exist by and for myself; nobody can justify another human being, nor be responsible for him."

What Sartre describes is only one half of reality. Yet he has the great merit of reopening academic philosophy to the problems of life. Philosophy today, as Berdyaev said, "is filled with black envy of positive science"; it reduces the infinite richness of the human being to psychological and sociological data, and dissolves what is left in the ragout of grammatical and semantic subtleties. What the Existentialists do today is to rehabilitate the old discipline by reaffirming the two basic objects of philosophical inquiry—*man* and the surrounding *world*—as distinct, yet connected realities. The task of philosophy—according to the Existentialist thinkers—is not to stand by indifferently while science engulfs the world, but to lead man back to Being.

A novel or a play (Simone de Beauvoir once wrote) is a philosophy in elaboration—*engagement* on the plane of art. In other words, fiction is like life, our "free, day by day choice in action."

Now it is known that Mlle. de Beauvoir (as his disciple, traveling companion and commentator) comes closest to explaining Sartre's ideas in fictional form. In her fits of independence she may wander as far as the slum district of Chicago; yet his charm never fails, and she returns, like the heroine of *The Mandarins* (World, $6.00), to the source of her strength.

Thus it is inevitable that the reader of Mlle. de Beauvoir's bulky volume should see in it a mirror of life at Existentialist headquarters, busy with cocktail parties and sex, but also with politics and factional maneuvers. In their private lives the characters of the story amuse themselves in a rather repetitious chase of one another (not as "consciousnesses" but as jealous writers, industrial magnates and fashionable ladies). This part, frequently boring, is relieved only by Anne's excursion to Chicago where, half-shedding the carapace of the female intellectual, she becomes the woman who loves, rebels and resigns.

But *The Mandarins* is primarily a dissertation in political metaphysics *à la* Hegel. Its personnel, intellectuals all, try to embody the synthesis of the two extremes they equally fear —America and the Soviets. In the ensuing political game, however, they obviously overreach themselves. For an independent intellectual Left, "freely" collaborating with the Communists, is the political version of a philosophical end that Sartre expressly rejects as self-contradictory: the merging of the object and the self, of being and consciousness—of the monolithic Party and the freely inquiring mind.

Yet such is the wild dream around which this novel is organized. Robert Dubreuilh, the intellectual czar, sees

in "collaboration" the only alternative to "capitalist-imperialist servitude." He allies himself with the Communists and delivers to them his few assets, in the hope of gaining from the bargain what can only be the shadow of power. But by doing this, Dubreuilh-Sartre renders himself guilty of all the Existentialist sins: bad faith, belief in essences and in a human destiny, and the sabotage of his own freedom. Claiming to possess the key of history, he robs his compatriots of their freedom of choice. (In Existentialist terminology: he would constitute himself a god.) Not only the realities of life, his system itself decrees his failure.

How does the French intellectual fare in this bargain? Chained to Party politics by Dubreuilh, he would cease to be an independent creator within the culture he wants to save. Mlle. de Beauvoir understands this dilemma. The art and philosophy of the intellectuals, she says, "will not preserve their meaning unless a certain form of civilization survives; but, committed to politics in order to save this civilization, can the intellectuals continue to enrich their art and their philosophy?" The dust of the political arena will soil them, and in return nothing is gained. The intellectual consciousnesses will go on turning, moth-like, around the mysterious and cruel light that so attracts them—the Party of the Proletariat.

Wrapped in Cant

The Changing Environment of International Relations, by Grayson Kirk, Harrison S. Brown, Denis W. Brogan, Edward S. Mason, Harold H. Fisher, and Willard L. Thorp. 158 pp. Washington, D.C.: The Brookings Institution. $2.50

In this heavily endowed volume, one of the most influential of our opinion-forming institutions has gathered an imposing array of banalities and stereotypes by six accepted hierarchs.

The President of Columbia University (Grayson Kirk) informs us "that the foundations of any future world order are to be found in the minds of men." A Caltech Professor of Geochemistry (Harrison S. Brown) discovers that "this rapidly changing [international] scene will present enormous problems to the United States," and admits with boyish candor: "I doubt that anyone of us knows the answer—certainly I do not know."

Brookings borrowed from Cambridge University its traveling Professor of Political Science, Denis Brogan, to explain to us that, there being differing political systems in the world, "we should clear our minds of cant or of false hopes." The Dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration (Edward S. Mason) interrupts the flow by talking a fair amount of sense about the world economy. In some embarrassment, he confesses that in order to promote economic development he rather prefers "private dollars" to "public dollars." This *gaffe* is quickly corrected by the Chairman Emeritus of the Hoover Institute (Harold H. Fisher) and the Director of the Merrill Center at Amherst (Willard Thorp, late Assistant Secretary of State).

Professor Fisher, on the basis of fifty years research, finds that "lack of mutual understanding is a major obstacle to cooperation between Asia and the Free West." This will be surmounted when the United States carries through its future foreign aid programs "as joint efforts in which the American capacity to produce surpluses will be applied to raising the levels of living of the underdeveloped areas, not as an emergency measure to defeat Communism, but as a long-term policy suited to this revolutionary age."

Professor Thorp, extending foreign aid from "long-term" to "permanent," draws on his government experience to show that from this eternal outlook will spring the enormous advantage of "operations . . . no longer manned in large part by more or less temporary employees," but by "a career service with improved recruitment, career planning, and in-service training." With Professor Fisher, he ends majestically: "We shall have to make a much greater effort to understand the Asian countries and to help them understand us."

Would that someone would make a greater effort to help us understand Brookings and its sister institutions!

JAMES BURNHAM

Nostalgia for Parents

Amelie In Love, by Henri Troyat. Translated from the French by Lily Duplaix. 370 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. $4.50

Since Balzac, the French have been our sturdiest masters of the chronicle novel, the tortoise of literary forms, which usually takes a dozen or so mosaic volumes to portray an entire epoch in terms of one or more of its characteristic families. Before the war, we had Martin du Gard's Thibaults, and Duhamel's Pasquiers, not to mention any number of Romains' men of good will. Now comes the prolific Henri Troyat with a project called "The Seed and the Fruit," which promises to serialize the past forty years of a lower-middle-class French family, and of which *Amelie in Love* is the charming first installment.

Amelie grows up at the turn of the century in the tiny, remote village of Chapelle-au-Bois, where her father is the local blacksmith and her mother keeps a general store. Innocent, chaste, and tightly done up in her parents' strait-laces, Amelie at seventeen is nevertheless a girl capable of choosing her own life. When she falls in love with an older man, she dares to marry him and go off to the boisterous, flagrant milieux of Paris at the end of *la belle époque* to make her new home. There, as precisely and delicately as a rosebud, she blooms into her own womanhood. With her husband, she runs a tavern, and when the first world war draws him into the army, she returns to Chapelle-au-Bois to await her first child, and Book Two.

But plot is unimportant in such a story. The true cachet of the chronicle novel lies in the sense of order, security, and fixed limits which any real family imparts to its young, and which those young, in their turn, modify with new, but no less purposeful, proprieties of their own. At least that was the way it happened in Amelie's generation. Reading about her, I couldn't help thinking how bleakly little the present generation is getting in the way of family order, either to be molded by or to depart from. The sort of milk-toast parents who prevail today are fathers and

mothers in only the biological sense. And one reason why chronicle novels like Henri Troyat's continue to be fairly popular is nostalgia, plain and simple, for begetters who have the courage to expect something from their offspring besides nervous breakdowns. ROBERT PHELPS

Eternal Standard

Justice, by Josef Pieper. Translated by Lawrence E. Lynch. 121 pp. New York: Pantheon Books. $2.75

Justice is the principle which makes our civil social order possible: and Dr. Pieper's piercing essay is designed to refresh this generation's memory of the meaning of that great word. "To each his own"; this classical definition remains the best expression of the concept. Relating the idea of justice to our modern disputes, Pieper—a German philosopher whose *Leisure, the Basis of Culture, The End of Time* and *Fortitude and Temperance* already are widely read in America—evokes the ideas of Plato and St. Thomas Aquinas to contend against the envy, egoism and false expectations that have been at work in our century with a dreadful power.

To the Utilitarian, justice is only what the state decrees. To the guardian of tradition like Pieper, justice is an eternal principle in human affairs, never wholly triumphant here below, but serving as a standard by which all governments and all men may be measured. Justice is realized more through the workings of the ideal of justice upon private minds and consciences than through positive law and institution. Therefore the great aim of education is ethical: "forming the young generation, especially those called to leadership, into just men."

Pieper's chapter "The Justice of Government" does more to improve our understanding of natural rights and their corresponding duties than does the whole mass of books and press-releases about "civil liberties" that has been pouring from our university presses and our foundation-subsidies this past decade. For Josef Pieper, in a very little space, goes straight to the essence of things; and, quoting Aquinas, he reminds us that "mercy without justice is the mother of dissolution." RUSSELL KIRK

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

Martyr in Tibet, by Robert Loup. Translated by Charles Davenport. 238 pp. New York: David McKay Company. $3.75

In 1936, young Maurice Tornay had just taken his vows as a St. Bernard monk and was leaving for missionary work in China. "I want to burn myself out in the service of God," he said, "I am not coming back." Ordained to the priesthood in Hanoi, he was sent to the remote village of Yerkalo on the Tibetan border. "My parish," he wrote home, "is bigger than France, but it has only 200 parishioners." For the next ten years he held mass and fought with lamas, local bandits and encroaching Chinese Reds, all of whom wanted to get rid of him. In 1946 he was driven out and his church sacked. To come back meant almost certain death, but Father Yerkalo refused to do anything less. In August 1949, his returning caravan was ambushed. He was last seen giving absolution to his dying servant. His mutilated body was found, several days later, along a mountain road.

Florida Under Five Flags, by Rembert W. Patrick. 140 pp. Gainesville, Florida: University of Florida Press. $3.00

Superbly printed on coated paper with fine half-tone illustrations, this concise history of a great state will dissatisfy few readers. The author writes with ease, dignity, and candor. In his treatment of the Reconstruction (that blot on American history from which conscientious Northerners avert their eyes in shame) he resorts at times to understatement, but he shares his compatriots' awareness that the South represents a culture which need not and should not apologize to the semi-literate Holy Rollers of Liberalism.

The First Decadent: Being the Strange Life of J. K. Huysmans, by James Laver. 278 pp. New York: Citadel Press. $3.75

The major flaw in this competent biography is its title: Huysmans was not the founder of the literary school that proudly called itself decadent, although he was one of its most significant exponents. The spiritual malaise that swept over European literature at the *fin du siècle* is a noteworthy historical phenomenon, for writers and artists appear to have had a prevision of what the twentieth century held in store. When Barbey d'Aurevilly said of Huysmans, "Certainly, in order that a Decadent of such power should be produced, . . . it was necessary that we should have become what in fact we are—a race which has reached its final hour," the sleek and confident statesmen on the Quai d'Orsay must have laughed uproariously. They knew, beyond all peradventure of doubt, both that God was *not* in His Heaven and that all *was* right with the world, of which Europe was the undisputed master.

The Renaissance Philosophy of Man. Selections in translation, edited by Ernst Cassirer, Paul Oskar Kristeller, and John Herman Randall, Jr. 405 pp. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.75

This welcome reprint contains annotated translations (from the Latin) of six major Renaissance writers. They are sufficiently accurate to serve their purpose. In his introduction the translator of Valla attributes to that pugnacious rationalist a naïveté and pietism that seem highly improbable in a man who boldly boasted that he came to overthrow all the established beliefs of his time. On the whole, the book is a boon to those who wish to learn something of Renaissance thought without going to the original texts.

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To the Editor

UN Should Read Mr. Burnham

The excellent column by James Burnham, "Who Wrapped the Package Deal?" [August 11] should certainly be reprinted and distributed widely before the next assembly of the UN.

Baltimore, Md. MRS. FRANCIS J. HAMILL

From Mr. Kempton

(The following letter, though addressed to Mr. Buckley personally, was designated "For Publication" by the author.)

I liked your piece ["Report from The Publisher," August 1] on my piece most of all because it seemed to be informed with the kind of personal affection I hope was in my own. This is more an addendum than a rejoinder; there are two things I'd like to tell you; one supports your point and the other supports mine.

1. When I sat down to do the piece, I made up a kind of rough outline of points I shouldn't overlook. One was Paul Hughes, whose name I underlined twice. It says something for NATIONAL REVIEW that alone in the country, it did the Hughes case and that there is no other source. I'm not in business to criticize my colleagues anywhere; I have always —consciously at least—been too ashamed of my own conduct in this matter to blame anyone else. Having reminded myself of Paul Hughes, I then wrote the piece, failed to mention him, and forgot him entirely until you brought his name up. I think this says something about the unconscious, whose power I have never before taken seriously. Is there any one of us who goes to the mat with his conscience without feeding his conscience a Mickey first?

2. You are absolutely right about J. Bracken Lee. I have never looked at his face. That is the only reason why I used him as a straw man, everyone else in the piece being someone I knew in a human context. He cropped up so often because he was the only cardboard figure I had. Now I hope he's gone and I have no more, and thank you very much for taking him away. Let us all gather together and burn our cardboard figures.

I criticized your writing because I like your writing more than I do my own. I am an incompetent craftsman. The sentence you didn't like was one I read five times and could find no interior resource for improving it. There is some excuse for that kind of ineptitude; what man does not have the right to do is to do less than his very best. What I was trying to say was that, when Ralph Flanders made that speech on Cohn and Schine and the Catholics, he was my ally but my enemy. Hell, as far as the Hughes case is concerned, I don't need an enemy; it must be obvious by now that I got me.

Keep the flag flying.

MURRAY KEMPTON

New York City

Written in London?

It is hard to believe that your dogmatic and superficial editorial, "Earthquake at Suez" [August 11] was written in your office. It sounds more as if it were written in London or Paris.

As to your childish references to Nasser personally, one may only say it is easy to call names, but it's not very high-grade journalism.

Washington, D.C. ELLIS O. JONES

Answers Critic

Mr. John E. Willson writes ["To the Editor," August 11], "Eisenhower is extremely popular with the electorate"—forgetting that Ike "ran like a dry creek" in '52 until Senator Taft persuaded the conservatives to save him from defeat.

With the passing of Mr. Republican, the party that was stolen from him by the "Liberals" suffered such drastic changes under Eisenhower that there are now few differences between the New Deal, Fair Deal and the Ordeal. Were the Republican conservatives to try to "work within the party" as Mr. Willson urges, they could no more "exert a profound influence on Republican official policy" than they could change the thinking of the ADA.

If the 33 million conservatives who didn't get the change they voted for in '52 decide to stay at home in '56, the "popularity" of DDE will be subjected to some agonizing reappraisals.

New York City MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

Keep Nixon

. . . I feel as you do that Eisenhower's attitude toward Nixon is very unsatisfactory. Is there no way to convey a warning to the leaders of the Republican Party? Eisenhower cannot win this election without the support of his own party. There are thousands of Taft Republicans who would not have voted for him in 1952, if Taft himself had not appealed to us to do so; and if he allows Nixon to be ditched, we shall stay away from the polls this year. . . .

New York City MARY REISNER

Mr. Buckley's Report

Let me tell you how much I enjoyed "'Report from the Publisher" in the issue of August 1. Joy flooded my old, tired, beat-up heart that young, stout fists are still being brought up from the heels to land upon heels. Too long have the eggheads . . . held a rhetorical whip hand. Praise be that someone can give them in kind and more of it. . . .

Newhall, Cal. FRED W. TRUEBLOOD, SR.

On Heroism

Frank S. Meyer's "Principles and Heresies" [August 1] should be reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed to colleges all over the United States. Our young people, especially, do not show the slightest response to the heroic uprising at Poznan because they have been taught to sneer at heroes. They have been listening to both formal educators in school and to informal educators on radio and television who boast of cowardice. "I'm no hero," they chuckle, their ignorance of history concealing from them the fact that they owe even their material prosperity to the heroism of their forebears, both remote and immediate.

Having just spent some years taking graduate courses at Brooklyn College, I have first-hand acquaintance with the attitudes of those "on the graduate level," who, being mostly teachers, are already indoctrinating

the youngest generation. I have not heard one word of admiration for either moral or physical courage expressed by teachers or students. Patriotism is a joke, whole classes laughing uproariously at contempt for the Armed Forces shown by young men who are receiving their education at the expense of the taxpayers, as "veterans." In fourteen graduate courses I heard no one admired except Charles Chaplin. The world-wide struggle with Communism is not mentioned. . . .

Hicksville, N.Y. M. KIMM

The Gold Standard

I have just finished reading Mr. Rothbard's article "The Coming Economic Crisis" [August 11] hoping every minute that he would tell us what one dollar is. . . . No doubt . . . he did not know. Nor does Mr. Humphrey seem to know. . . .

Until 1933 when Mr. Roosevelt took us off gold in order to create a higher artificial price for wheat, we knew exactly what one dollar was . . . Do we know or can we find out what our present paper dollars, or government bonds for that matter, will be worth one, five or fifty years hence? Are we not all at the mercy of a lot of fine, vague human beings with their very human and frequently erroneous judgments as respects the effective worth of our laboriously amassed dollars . . .?

We can (if our political parties so decree) return to the gold standard which we never should have left . . .

Belfast, Maine ROBERT P. SKINNER

Billy the Kid

Re Robert Phelps' review of *The Tragic Days of Billy the Kid* [August 1]: How far away from reality and realism can a character get? No, I didn't know William Bonney, but my father and my aunt did . . . Billy the Kid was never rated anything but a cold-blooded murderer by those who knew him. It was only after "dude" writers started exploiting him that he began to take on any other status. . . . I suggest your reviewer check on the Kid's early killings before he says, "He was never the cold-hearted killer he was supposed to be."

Of course, I'm foolish to combat a myth—myths are so enduring. . . .

Tenafly, N.J. GARDINER HAWKINS

Mr. Kirk on Dewey

For a person who has known and honored John Dewey for more than half a century, it is a painful experience to see him mentioned as if he were a noxious insect. Mr. Russell Kirk (August 11) writes about "the notions of Dewey and Counts and Kilpatrick and that breed." I submit that a sneer is not an argument, neither is it good manners.

Is it an example of "humane" education when Mr. Kirk misquotes Sir Thomas Browne?

La Crescenta, Cal. KATE GORDON MOORE

Cartoons

. . . I am always happy to receive my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW each week, and I think you are doing a terrific job. I enjoy Mr. Kreuttner's cartoons immensely. He certainly is the conservatives' answer to Herblock of the *Washington Post.*

Bethpage, N.Y. EDWARD H. WERNER

. . . I particularly like the cartoons of Mr. Kreuttner. They gave me food for thought.

New Orleans, La. RUTH ST. CYR

The Conservative Mind

Mr. Richard Weaver's review of "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" by Russell Kirk [July 25] was in most respects good and fair. In fact, by his mention of the problem of sources in regard to the wisdom of our ancestors he has illuminated a thing about conservatism which has puzzled many people. I'm not sure but what it is a reason for differences of opinion among conservatives themselves. . . .

The cults of politics and political economy are quite apt to be fanatical and dedicated in their confidence that theirs, and theirs only, is the true solution. Conservatives have no such panaceas. They do have reverence for the accumulated wisdom of their ancestors. Therefore, when conservatives speak of the wisdom of ancestors, it is the extraction of wisdom here, and wisdom there, which is meant. Certainly no one, not even Mr. Edmund Burke, was always conservative. . . . Conservatism is a distillate of all that is good in human thought; there is no reason why we should not continue to use "the wisdom of our *ancestors.*" What matters is *which wisdom.* . . .

There is no conservative dogma. There is a conservative mind, and as Mr. Kirk pointed out in so lucid a fashion, the conservative mind is one that has a reluctance to discard principles which by their very longevity have demonstrated a certain goodness. It is entirely possible, conservatives think, that new things may be developed and found useful. Their only request is that these things not be adopted overnight, in a spirit of faction, on the spur of the moment. . . .

DR. ROBERT JOHNSON NEEDLES

St. Petersburg, Fla.

THE LAW OF THE LAND

(*Continued from p. 17*)

mony as a member of the Communist Party. Mr. Bigelow was fully warranted in making whatever arguments occurred to him on behalf of this client. But will he, as a member of the Rutgers Board, vote to dismiss a Rutgers teacher who invokes the Fifth Amendment when the Board asks him to explain such testimony?

In my opinion, to put to Mr. Bigelow such a question would have been eminently proper, and a refusal on Mr. Bigelow's part to answer it in the affirmative would have warranted a vote against his confirmation consistently with our constitutional and legal traditions.

It may be suggested that the Supreme Court ruled in the Slochower case that if the failure to explain were based on the Fifth Amendment, a discharge would not be constitutional. Such a suggestion misinterprets the Supreme Court's decision. The Court there ruled, five to four, that Section 903 of the New York City Charter was arbitrary and hence unconstitutional in that, according to a majority of the Court, it conclusively presumed perjury or crime from an invocation of the Amendment. But the Court was careful to point out that the governing board of an educational institution was entitled to full satisfaction as to the qualifications of its employees and that Communist associations were relevant to a teacher's qualifications.

Will Mr. Bigelow, as a Rutgers Governor, insist on such satisfaction? The Senators could not justifiably have been criticized if they had demanded an affirmative answer to this question.